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ALLEGORIES

AND

Divers Day Dreams.

Abel Charles Thomas
=

"In thoughts, from the visions of the night, when deep
sleep falleth upon man."—JOB.

LOWELL:
POWERS & BAGLEY.
1841,

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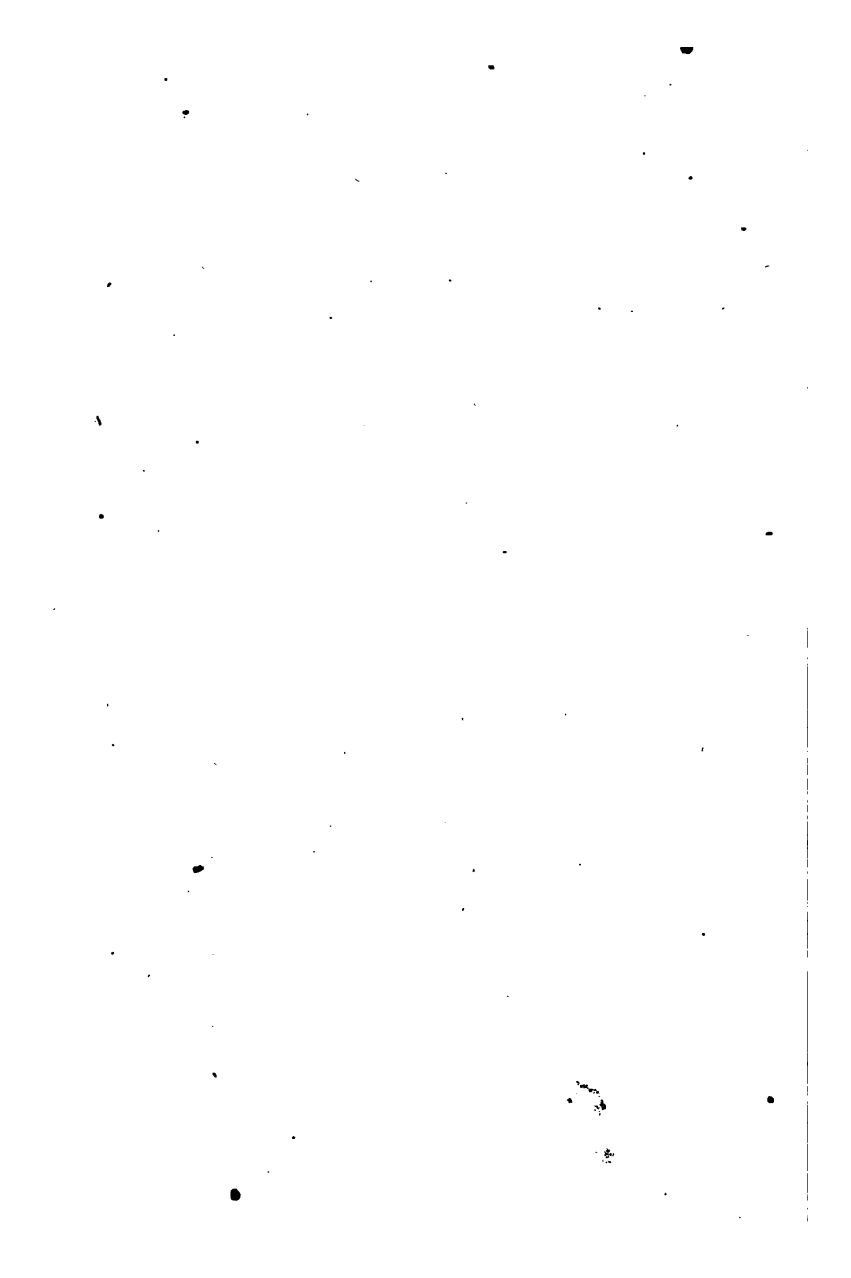
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CONTENTS.

| | | | |
|----|--------------------------------------|------|----|
| 1 | Proceedings of a Meeting, &c. - - | Page | 1 |
| 2 | The Angel of Dreams, - - - - - | | 10 |
| 3 | Conference with the Council, - - - - | | 18 |
| 4 | Thanksgiving Day, - - - - - | | 26 |
| 5 | A Consistent Universalist, - - - - - | | 35 |
| 6 | Day of Small Things, - - - - - | | 39 |
| 7 | The Doomed Wolf, - - - - - | | 43 |
| 8 | Wealth, Fame, Beauty, - - - - - | | 51 |
| 9 | Peter Pious, and his Dream, - - - - | | 54 |
| 10 | The Journey of A. C. T., - - - - - | | 60 |



· ALLEGORIES AND DIVERS DAY-DREAMS.

Proceedings of a Meeting,

HOLDEN IN THE UPPER STORY OF THE HOUSE OF A. C. T.

THERE being no doubt that all the members of the Council were present, the calling of the roll was dispensed with.—*Christopher Conscientiousness* was appointed Moderator, who, on taking the chair, presented the subjoined preamble and resolution as the subject for consideration :

“ WHEREAS the proprietor of this house formerly furnished many communications for several periodical publications ; and whereas very few of the productions of his pen have lately appeared in print ; and whereas there is some reason to apprehend remissness on his part, in this respect : *Resolved*, That A. C. T. be respectfully requested to renew his labors of love, and at least occasionally send an article to the editors of his acquaintance.”

The Moderator recommended the adoption of the preamble and resolution in a few words ; and having announced that any remarks to be made would now be in order, the members addressed the Chairman substantially as follows :

Edward Eventuality. Mr. Moderator : The first two items of the preamble state what I know to be matter of fact. I distinctly remember many articles written and published by the gentleman referred to ; and there are some circumstances connected with several of them, which I should be pleased to narrate. There is one in particular which—

Thomas Time, (interrupting the speaker). I wish to remind the member, that there are many of the Council who desire to speak on this subject ; and therefore brevity must be

consulted. My neighbor is apt to be prolix. Life is constituted of seconds; and seconds are fast passing away, and cannot be recalled. [The Moderator coincided in opinion with Mr. Time, and Mr. Eventuality sat down.]

Isaiah Individuality. I venture to suggest that gentlemen should be very perspicuous in their remarks. Let them consider the subject in all its bearings separately. If they indulge in generalities to the neglect of particulars, I shall become perplexed and wearied. Let them remember that the whole consists of parts; and that the best way to obtain a clear view of the case, is to consider it in its several items.

Obadiah Order. It is desirable also, to prevent confusion, that every member should preserve his position in this meeting, and that no one should be interrupted. There is a place for every gentleman, and I desire that every gentleman should be seen in his place. And besides: let there be a proper arrangement of thoughts, with every speaker. System is the soul of business; and confessedly, 'order is heaven's first law.'

William Wit. I should be glad to see the members come to the subject; and I hope they will say something to excite gaiety of feeling, even though it should be ludicrous. Mankind have three sets of muscles to draw the corners of the mouth upward, and only one pair to draw them downward—indicating that people should laugh three times as much as they cry. A little mirthfulness on this occasion will serve especially to keep us awake.

Isaac Imitation. I agree with the last speaker, and advise the members to remember what they are about, for I shall have my eyes and ears open—and they will probably hear from me after adjournment.

Stephen Suavity. Having but recently been recognised as a member of this honorable council, it behooves me to speak with great deference to the opinions of others; and I there-

fore merely suggest, very respectfully, that 'the soft tongue breaketh the bone.' Let gentlemen remember that a difference of opinion may be indulged, if that difference be politely expressed.

The Moderator here arose, and said, that the members certainly had a right to offer such remarks as they pleased—but he hoped they would come at once to the preamble and resolution, and carefully utter their *natural language*.

Caleb Cautiousness. I do not know that I have anything to offer in the way of objection; but I feel that I ought to admonish the members against precipitate action. My motto is, Take care! We have often been involved in difficulties by haste. How do we know that the editors would thank the proprietor for troubling them with his cogitations? Can we foresee all the consequences of his compliance with the resolution? Again I admonish you to be careful.

Simon Self-Esteem. I have no sympathy with the suggestions just offered. On the contrary, I believe that the proprietor would be gladly welcomed to the columns of any of the papers. There can be no doubt on that point, in this Council, excepting with the timid gentleman who has just addressed the chair.

Abraham Approbateness. It should be remembered, Mr. Moderator, that the gentleman mentioned in the resolution has an interest in this matter—for some of the papers circulate very widely, and he would be well thought of and spoken of, if he were to furnish the desired communications.

Adam Acquisitiveness. The reference to interest, has suggested an idea which I offer as an amendment to the resolution. It is as follows: '*Provided* the editors will pay him handsomely for his labors.'

The Moderator here interposed, and said, that no such amendment ought to be entertained—because, with few exceptions, the editors are poor men; and it would not be right

to ask them to pay for an occasional article. Whereupon the amendment was withdrawn.

Coriolanus Combativeness. At all events, let the proprietor go a-head. He formerly fought the adversary; and I want to see him at it again. Let him take his initials for his motto, and fight the good fight of faith. If he is a good soldier, let him fight.

David Destructiveness. That is my mind precisely. Let him smite with the sword. Let him lay on manfully. Let him make inroads into the enemy's camp, and strike down the foe. Let him give no quarter.

Benjamin Benevolence. Nay, be not so hot-blooded, gentlemen. Remember that the proprietor of this house professes to be a soldier of the Prince of Peace. He must not use carnal weapons. I am in favor of warfare—but the warfare must be waged in the right spirit. The Captain of Salvation is the Lamb of God, without blemish and without spot. He conquered by the power of his love.

Vincent Veneration. And be it remembered also, that he who reverences God, will reverence the image of God in man. Love to the Lord supremely, requires the manifestation of love to man universally.

Ira Ideality. I care very little what the proprietor writes about, so that he does it in good style. I wish him to give some attention to the embellishments of bright and beautiful imagery. I have often told him that he does not pay enough respect to fancy and flowers. Logic is a dry thing at best.

Caius Causality. I cannot agree with the gentleman in his last remark. What can be either more delightful or useful, than to discover the bearings and relations of things, and to trace all effects to their causes? Knowledge is the food of the mind,—and without knowledge the mind must languish. There is logic in mathematics, and in every

branch of natural science, as well as in moral and mental philosophy. I am decidedly in favor of knowing the why and the wherefore of every thing in matter and spirit.

Matthew Marvellousness. Mr. Moderator, the logical member is certainly in error in some parts of his speech. He would have everything explained, everything perfectly known—but if it could be so, much of the present happiness of man would be marred and destroyed. Curiosity is a source of great pleasure; and curiosity could not exist without mystery. It is my desire that the proprietor should read Swedenborg's writings, and cultivate that style of composition.

Solomon Sublimity. My neighbor Mr. Ideality recommends bright and beautiful imagery—but I am in favor of the grand and sublime. He speaks of fancy and flowers,—but of what consequence are these compared with the lofty facts of nature! the falls of Niagara for example. The proprietor visited this scene a few years ago; and I told him then that he ought to write an article about that magnificent spectacle—but he has not attended to my suggestion. It is my desire that in any thing he may send to the editors, he will give heed to my advice.

Several gentlemen here arose, and successively proffered their assistance to the proprietor, in case he should need it. The names of the members are, *Francis Form*, *Saul Size*, *Wilfred Weight*, *Cyrus Color*, and *Nathaniel Number*.

The Moderator again expressed a hope that gentlemen would remember the preamble and resolution. Much had been said of the *manner* and *style* of execution, and but little of the proper *subjects*.

Philip Philoprogenitiveness. I have been patiently waiting an opportunity to give my views of proper topics. The gentleman named in the resolution, has generally addressed persons of mature understanding, and has perhaps been of some service to them. I think it is high time that he should

have a word of instruction and encouragement for little children—for it is written, that ‘of such is the kingdom of heaven.’

Absalom Amativeness. Mr. Moderator, little children are well enough in their place; but why should they be so particularly recommended to a bachelor? He would be doing more good by writing in such a manner as to please and edify the ladies. The ladies, Sir, rule the world; and whoever neglects *them*, neglects the best interests of the whole race of Adam.

Andrew Alimentiveness. As to little children and ladies, I care very little about them. It is my desire that the proprietor should write illustrations of those scriptural passages which speak of the gospel as ‘a feast of fat things full of marrow.’ I think this is the most sensible figure in the Bible. At all events, it suits my taste better than any other.

Cephas Comparison. There is analogy between many other things. The gospel is bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, medicine to the sick, light to those in darkness, and so on to the end of the chapter of similitudes. There is no better way to enforce truth than by analogies. People cannot understand metaphysical reasoning—but they can understand and remember figures rightly introduced. I hope the proprietor will pay special attention to analogies.

Theodore Tune. In my opinion, hymns written and adapted to music for insertion in the papers, would be the means of incalculable good. A simple melody would be more useful than a homily; and a rich harmony would be of more service than an ordinary sermon.

Lemuel Language and *Charles Constructiveness* here arose, and proffered their assistance to the proprietor in any consistent way.

Lewis Locality. I have travelled many thousand miles with the gentleman named in the resolution; and I have

been endeavoring to induce him to accompany me to Palestine and Egypt—and I am in hopes he will yet comply. My object now is to mention, that my memoranda of journeys we have already accomplished, are at his service. He might draft many a pleasing and profitable article from the sketches in my book, aided by Mr. Eventuality, and other members of this Council.

Issacher Inhabitiveness. It appears to me that the proprietor need not trouble himself with scenes at a distance, when there is so much at home which might be made interesting and profitable. I am of opinion that Mr. Locality exerts too much influence over the gentleman named in the resolution.

Alexander Adhesiveness. Old friends are better than new ones; and my advice to the proprietor is, that in writing for the papers he should not neglect corresponding with his kindred and friends. If I thought that the adoption of the preamble and resolution would endanger his attachments to those he now loves and remembers, I would vote against it.

Henry Hope. I do not see any danger of trouble. Let him write, and write freely—but let him always look on the bright side of things, whatever he may write about, or to whomsoever addressed. I am opposed to melancholy in all its forms. I do not wonder that low spirits have been called blue devils.

Samuel Secretiveness. I am suspicious that if the proprietor obeys all the suggestions which have been here advanced, he will be likely to write about some things which he should keep to himself. I will have a little private conversation with him on this subject.

Cornelius Concentrativeness. In my judgment, too many matters have been presented as worthy his attention. My advice is, that he should select a topic to suit himself, and stick to it, just as he generally does to his text. Why should he be flying continually from one subject to another?

Your men of versatile genius seldom do much good for themselves, or for any one else.

Ferdinand Firmness. Whatever the proprietor undertakes, let him persevere in it. Decision and stability of purpose are among the most valuable traits of any man's character. To begin an enterprise, and then abandon it, is proof positive of a lack of knowledge and wisdom. My motto is, Persevere.

All the members of the Council having thus addressed the Chair, the Moderator inquired if any gentleman desired to be heard a second time. Whereupon, Mr. Caius Causality arose and said :

I have patiently listened to the expression of the desires of every gentleman, and I have duly considered the bearing of every speech. In my judgment, we must arrive at some unity in this matter, or the proprietor will be involved in many perplexities. Separately, we should cause him difficulty; united, we shall be of incalculable service to him.

For example :—If Messrs. Combativeness and Destructiveness were gratified, the proprietor would be involved in warfare and ruin, without any redeeming end. If Messrs. Benevolence and Veneration had affairs entirely in their own way, there would be a prospect of weakness and fanaticism. But if the two former gentlemen will consent to be directed by the advice of the two latter, in conjunction with the Moderator, there will be a prospect of excellent results. If Mr. Cautiousness obtained entire influence over the proprietor, he would be timid and inefficient in all his ways. If Mr. Firmness had *his* way entirely, there probably would be obstinacy in all his plans. I might thus proceed with examples, until I had introduced every gentleman here present ; and the result of the argument would be, that if we act *separately*, we shall involve the proprietor in trouble ; but if we act harmoniously and in union, there will be a prospect of

usefulness from the labors recommended in the resolution. I propose, therefore, that a committee of three be chosen to present a record of these proceedings to A. C. T., connected with a few words by way of friendly advice.

This motion was unanimously carried; and a committee was appointed, consisting of Christopher Conscientiousness, Benjamin Benevolence, and Vincent Veneration. At this juncture, a gentleman in the front part of the room arose, and stated that the proprietor was present. Immediately the committee proceeded to fulfil the duties assigned them. Mr. Conscientiousness said to him, 'WHAT DOETH THE LORD REQUIRE OF THEE BUT TO DO JUSTLY,'—'AND TO LOVE MERCY,' added Mr. Benevolence. To which Mr. Veneration subjoined, 'AND TO WALK HUMBLY WITH THY GOD.'

Whereupon the meeting adjourned.

NOTE. Having suspected that a meeting was to be held by sundry gentlemen in the upper story of my house, I took the liberty to be present without asking permission; and, carefully keeping out of sight, was enabled to secure a record of the proceedings, preserving merely a brief outline. Unfortunately for my plan, Mr. Individuality saw me, and hinting the fact to Mr. Language, that talkative gentleman spoke out in meeting. And since the matter is now notorious, I choose to publish the whole proceedings, and thus prevent the evils of a partial report. I have only to add, that the resolution of the meeting shall be attended to; and I shall endeavor to regard the advice of the Committee. -

The Angel of Dreams.

PHILOSOPHY OF DREAMS....ILLUSIONS....ANGEL OF DEATH.

Shortly after the meeting in the upper story of my house, (whereof I have published a report,) I spent a very pleasant evening in conversation with the members of the Council. My object was to cultivate a good understanding with every one of them; and for this reason, I varied the topic to suit the peculiar desires and tastes of each—thus becoming all things to all men.

But the most pleasant interview may be resolved into tediousness by protracted continuance. It was measurably so in this case. Presently a very singular looking personage entered the apartment, and a remarkable effect was immediately produced. One after another, the members began to yawn, each uttering something peculiar. Mr. Combativeness growled about the unceremonious visit, and shook his fist at Mr. Wit for laughing at his drowsy exhibition of wrath, especially as he was mocked by Mr. Imitation, the neighbor of the fun-loving gentleman. "Our occupation is gone," said the members in the front part of the house, as the window-shutters were gradually closed by an invisible hand. "It is dark as Egypt," whispered Mr. Comparison. "I should like to go to Egypt to see the darkness," said Mr. Locality. "I understand the cause of our drowsiness," subjoined Mr. Causality. Gradually all remarks ceased, and a profound silence prevailed. All were fast asleep.

The visitor evidently was not a stranger. Every member of the Council appeared to know him; and, excepting a little grumbling by a few of them, they quietly submitted to his authority. I had often seen him before, and watched his manœuvres; and sometimes I had caused him much trouble, before he could succeed in putting all the members

to sleep. This I had done, not from any hostility to him, but because I had work to be done; and as proprietor of the house, could claim their assistance for a longer or shorter space of time. "On this occasion I did not resist him in any degree, for I had an appointment with the Angel of Dreams, who had promised to come at an early hour in the evening, and tell me a secret worth knowing.

Sergeant Somnus, (for that was the first gentleman's name,) walked around among the members of the Council, to be assured that none of them were "playing 'possum." Presently the Angel of Dreams came in, and saluted him. "Is all right?" he inquired,—to which question the Sergeant replied in the affirmative, with an assurance that he had taken special pains to somnolize that wakeful sentinel, Mr. Cautiousness. "Are you sure he is fast asleep?" said the Angel. "Fast asleep, you may depend on it," replied the Sergeant—"but to make assurance doubly sure, I will lie down by his side, and keep watch."

Preliminaries being thus arranged to his satisfaction, the Angel greeted me very cordially, and said, "I have come according to appointment, and am happy to find (what indeed I expected) that my forerunner has prepared all things precisely to my mind. I have had business with this Council these many years, even before you knew they resided in the upper story of your house; and I do not marvel that you should wish to be made acquainted with the mysteries of my philosophy. I am here present to explain the matter."

"Thou doest me honor," said I, "and I shall be greatly obliged for the promised information. But dost thou know that one of the members of this Council is greatly opposed to my being instructed in any mystery?"

"I know all about it," said the Angel. "That mystery-loving gentleman, Mr. Marvellousness, alias Mr. Wonder, is always seeking to keep folks in the dark; and for this reason

he is opposed to any improvements on the old system of mental philosophy. He loves to hear folks talk about Messrs. Memory, Imagination, Will, Judgment, and the like, as your Cabinet of Ministers—because there is vagueness in the theory.”

“Well, what is thy idea of that matter?” I inquired.

“My idea, or rather my *knowledge*, of it, is this: Every member of this Council has his own Cabinet: that is, every one has his own memory, his own imagination, and his own desire. For example: That wakeful sentinel, now so closely watched by the Sergeant, remembers the dangerous situations in which he has been placed; he imagines many causes of alarm, and is ever on the alert when awake; and so desirous is he to avoid all difficulty, that he is proverbially timid, yea, constitutionally fearful. There, again, is Mr. Alimentiveness: He does not readily forget a good dinner,—and when allowed to have his own way, he imagines he sees, not castles in the air, but some savory dish,—and his one only desire is, to have something nice to eat. I will not disturb the sentinel, lest the whole Council should be awaked by his noise—but I will gently shake the subject of the last example, and you shall have a demonstration.”

The Angel of Dreams had scarcely touched Mr. Alimentiveness, ere he began to smack his lips, and give other indications that he was dreaming of the good things of this life; and presently he began to talk of turtle-soup, mince-pies, and the like.

“In this experiment,” said the Angel, “you witness one item of the mysteries of my philosophy. This dinner-loving member is now awake,—all the other members are asleep,—and he has every thing to his own liking. Now I will wake his neighbor, Mr. Acquisitiveness.” Scarcely was this gentleman touched, than he clutched his purse, and talked about stocks. “That was a grand bargain I made last week. I

wish I could make another like it to-morrow. I've got it! I see how I shall do it." And so he continued to gabble.

"In this way," said the Angel, as the Sergeant advanced and quieted the dreamers,—“in this way I could go on until every one of these sleepers had been shown in his distinct character, under the influence of memory, desire and imagination,—but these examples are sufficient. When I wish any member to have a frightful dream, I touch him, and wake up Mr. Cautiousness, and two or three other gentlemen, as his companions, and the work is done. On the same principle, I can produce any desirable combination, of frightful or pleasant, solemn or gay.”

“But,” said I, “has not the waking occupation of the Council something to do with their slumbering condition?”

“Undoubtedly,” responded the Angel—“but you must remember that the Council is not a unit. The members preserve their separate identity, in a greater or less degree,—and they are severally more or less active during their waking hours. For this cause, they do not sleep alike soundly. A few of them may have been very busy all day; and these will very likely be awake or half awake, in the night, long after the rest are sound asleep. They are then entirely under my control, and a rare time they have of it—for they have it all their own way. And now, to amuse and instruct you, I will thoroughly wake Mr. Cautiousness; and you will do well to observe him narrowly.” The Angel here violently shook the timid gentleman. With a shriek he awoke, his countenance flushed and heart throbbing, and loudly called for help. “Murder! Fire!” were among his exclamations, indicating that he was exercised by the most vivid apprehensions of danger, without having any other than vague conceptions of its character. His noise and struggles awoke his neighbor, Mr. Secretiveness, who bade him “be quiet, else every body would be making inquiries for the cause of the

alarm." Then Mr. Acquisitiveness woke up, and Mr. Cautiousness cried out, "Robbers!" Immediately Mr. Philoprogenitiveness awoke, and then the cry was, "Save the children!" Presently several members in the front part of the room awoke, who, after partly opening the windows and looking around a moment, declared they could not see either robbers, murderers, or fire; whereupon Mr. Causality pronounced it an alarm without cause; and Sergeant Somnus soon succeeded in lulling the whole Council into profound slumber.

At one moment during this scene, I thought there would be a general uproar and uprising in the chamber; but the Angel informed me that the Council had so frequently been roused by the timid gentleman's alarming cries, when no real danger was at hand, that they gave no farther attention to him than ordinary courtesy to a fellow-member required.

Perceiving that his communications were gratefully received, the Angel of Dreams continued:

"To initiate you still farther into the mysteries of my philosophy, I will disturb the deep sleep of Mr. Adhesiveness, and give him Mr. Hope as a companion in his cogitations. —Behold how he smiles! He is thinking of his friends, and Mr. Hope is feeding his desire and imagination with the most brilliant prospects of prosperity and peace! It is almost a sin to change glory into gloom and rejoicing into wo, even in a dream—but I will do it for your instruction."

In obedience to a sign from the Angel, the Sergeant breathed on Mr. Hope, who forthwith fell asleep. Then Mr. Cautiousness was gently waked, and put in communication with Mr. Adhesiveness. O what a fearful change came o'er the spirit of his dream! Gladness gave way to sighing, and smiles to a flood of tears. So great was his agony that the Angel relented, and Somnus relieved the sufferer by breathing both on *him* and on the cause of his misery; and profound silence again prevailed.

"From these examples," said my instructor, "you perceive not only my power, but the philosophy of my operations. No individual member can dream when he is sound asleep,—nor when the whole Council is awake. It is only when some are awake and others asleep, especially when the latter are not in perfect health, that my authority is regarded."

"It should also be noted," he continued, "that I am at work when no member of the Council is aware that any one of their number is asleep. Hence the frequent auricular and spectral illusions, which even that profound casuist, Mr. Causality, is unable either to resist or explain. But *I* know all about such matters, in all their phases. You now understand *the principle*, and may mention it to the Council to-morrow, if you choose. You need not tell them that each one of them has a peculiar constitutional *desire*, nor that each has his peculiar *memory* and *imagination*—for this they already know; nor need you detail the *effects* you have witnessed,—for the members on whom I have experimented will relate their own stories, severally, in the hearing of the whole Council. Mr. Wit will laugh, and Mr. Marvellousness may roll up his eyes,—nevertheless the casuist and other gentlemen, will eagerly listen to your exposition of *causes*, as witnessed by yourself."

"But," said I, "if they receive this information will they ever again be subject to thy power, exercised in the production of spectral and auricular illusions? or will they ever dream again?"

"Your last question," replied the Angel, "I answer in the affirmative, without qualification—for any knowledge the Council may obtain will not lessen my authority over them. The Sergeant cannot be dismissed from service, and he and I are on the best terms. *He* cannot be thwarted in his efforts to enforce submission. You may successfully oppose

him for a season, when you need the aid of the Council for a longer time than they should be required to labor in succession—but he will overcome your opposition at last. And I confess that the greater opposition he meets with from you, the greater trouble I have afterwards to wake up such of the members as I wish to perform my bidding.”

“Your first question,” continued the Angel, “I also answer affirmatively—but with this qualification: Spectral and auricular illusions, caused by the half-awake and half-asleep condition of a few members of the Council, may be seen or heard by those who do and those who do not understand the philosophy of the matter:—the former will be sensible that they *are* illusions; and the latter will believe them to be realities. *This* is superstition: *that* is consciousness at fault.”

“How long,” said I, “wilt thou continue to exert an influence over the members of this Council?”

“That,” said the Angel, “depends altogether on circumstances with which I have nothing to do. It is certain, however, that my influence must cease, sooner or later. From what I have seen in other cases, the issue of my labors in this chamber will be as follows: I shall come as usual, and try to wake up some of the members. I will shake them gently at first, then violently. Finding every effort to be vain, I will call for the Sergeant, to know why he has caused so profound a sleep. He will not answer, but a cold, sepulchral voice will reply, ‘These members belong to *me*. I have caused a slumber which knows no dreaming, no waking. I am the *Angel of Death!*’”

At this annunciation, I shuddered, and inquired, “What then will become of *me*? Will I also be touched by the Destroyer?”

“I know not,” replied the Angel of Dreams; “thou must inquire of a wiser than I.”

I deeply pondered this answer, until I was wholly abstracted from every other topic of thought or desire; and when I recovered from my reverie, the windows of the room were wide open, and no one was present save myself and the members of the Council, now wide awake. I was not in a mood for conversation, and listened rather unwillingly to a brief narrative of each of the several dreamers. In the course of the day, however, I unfolded the philosophy of the Angel of Dreams, which proved satisfactory to all the members interested in such matters. I then informed them, that I thought a profitable use might be made of some of the combinations produced by the Angel of Dreams, from time to time; and that if they had no objection, I would act as Scribe, during their slumbers, and publish such of their dreams as I supposed would be acceptable to the public. Whereupon it was moved and

"Unanimously Resolved, That we repose implicit confidence in the good faith and good intentions of the proprietor; and willingly accede to his proposition to record and publish as many and as much of our dreams as he may see fit; *provided,* that in so doing he will regard the advice given him by the Committee of three appointed at a former meeting. And as a farther token of our regard, and also to remove all cause of censure on the members of this Council, he is hereby authorised to publish the dreams aforesaid in his own name, and as his own productions."

Conference with the Council.

QUESTION ANSWERED....TROUBLE....UNION AND FRIENDSHIP.

A few evenings subsequently to the visit of the Angel of Dreams, I had a familiar conversation with Mr. Veneration, on the question, as yet unanswered, What then will become of ME? He entered fully into the spirit of the inquiry, evincing deep feeling in relation to it; and became especially excited, when I related what had been communicated to me, concerning the doings of the Angel of Death.

"All this may be true," said he, "but the *whole* truth has not been told thee. The Angel of Dreams has no knowledge of the Angel of Immortality; and for this cause, he could give thee no information of the undying life."

This single indication of light created in me an eagerness for instruction, which prompted a quick succession of questions on the theme of all-absorbing interest. WHEN? WHERE? HOW? in all the combinations and ramifications of thought, were rapidly propounded as problems for solution.

"Evangelist!" replied Mr. Veneration, "thou must be content with such information as I possess, related in my own way. I have little to offer, besides a constitutional longing for things divine. My only logic is innate consciousness. The lore of books and of the schools, is as nothing in my sight. I have an in-dwelling, ever-present, all-vivifying impulse, which to me is demonstration of the truth; and my nature must be changed, before any change can be wrought in my convictions. Wherefore, patiently hearken to my brief communication.

"THY FATHER has fitted this tabernacle for thy temporary residence; and He has given the occupancy of this upper story to the members of the Council here present. They are ministers appointed to advise thee, and they are the consti-

tuted organs of thy intercourse with all beings and things, while thou art a pilgrim on earth. To me has been assigned the duty of leading thee to reverence God and the image of God in man; and to me has been revealed the testimony, written by the finger of the Almighty, which neither time nor circumstance can ever erase, that *thou shalt never die!* Even in my blindest estate, while as yet undirected by the light which has shined upon thee in thy growth in knowledge, I yearned for the coming of that glorious day, when *this* tabernacle shall be dissolved, and thou shalt enter the spiritual body prepared for thee in another and a better world."

Mr. Veneration uttered these sentiments with deep emotion; and taking advantage of the pause that ensued, I inquired of Mr. Causality whether any satisfactory conclusion could be drawn from the feelings of the member. "Not unless his brethren generally have the same innate consciousness," was the reply.

Whereupon, Messrs. Eventuality, Locality, and other gentlemen, jointly testified, that their reading and travels did not furnish an instance to the contrary. They moreover stated, that even among the rudest and most savage tribes, in every part of the globe and in all ages, a future existence has been, and is, prominently acknowledged, in a variety of ways—conceptions of its character being gross or refined, according to circumstances.

"We may safely infer the innateness of this consciousness from its universality," said Mr. Causality; "and I can discover no defect in Mr. Veneration's conclusion, that the proprietor shall never die."

"Nevertheless, he must be punished for all his evil deeds," said Mr. Conscientiousness; "JUSTICE must be regarded."

"Undoubtedly," said Mr. Benevolence; "but MERCY must not be outraged."

"On the subject of sin and demerit, there are several things to be considered," said Mr. Causality. "We are here placed as Proprietor's Council; and the last two speakers, in conjunction with Mr. Veneration, are confessedly the rightful Board of Control. Separately, they have sometimes led the proprietor astray; jointly, never. And even when united, they may fail to keep him in the right way, in consequence of greater influence exerted by certain other members, stationed in the back part and adjoining sides of this apartment. THEY are the chief inciting causes of transgression."

Although these remarks related to the topic in which I was most deeply interested, I felt anxious on a particular point; and therefore inquired, how far the Angel of Death could extend his authority. "Only over that which is of the earth earthy," replied Mr. Veneration. "Several members of this Council who are of great service to thee here, notwithstanding their liability to lead thee into temptation and wrong, can be of no use in the spiritual body; and they shall therefore utterly perish when *this house* is resolved into its elements. The same fate awaits the material organization of us all; but the spirit of such as indicate thy divine original, shall accompany thee, in *inseparable union and friendship for ever*."

"Do you mean to say that *I* shall be destroyed?" vehemently inquired Mr. Combativeness. "And *I*?" angrily subjoined Mr. Destructiveness.

The response came in the voice of heaven,—*"They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith the Lord."*

"*You*, therefore, will not be there," said Mr. Causality to the angry querists.

"But *I* surely will accompany the proprietor," said Mr. Amativeness.

The same divine voice as before, responded, "In the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, saith the Resurrection and the Life."

Profound silence ensued for a considerable space, and Mr. Veneration, who had humbly bowed down at the first tones of the voice, whispered to me, "It is the Angel of Immortality!"

Scarcely had I renewed the conversation, by expressing a regret that other members had not inquired their fate, than an uproar commenced among the disappointed members; and very soon it extended to several others. In the midst of the confusion, Mr. Veneration, previously much excited, began to wail over the evils and woes of social life, and to pray for deliverance therefrom, even if both proprietor and Council were assigned an abode in the solitude of the wilderness. Presently he declared it to be his earnest desire that we should retire to a monastery, there to pass our earthly pilgrimage in prayer and other acts of devotion.

"I will not go, for I will not forsake my friends," said Mr. Adhesiveness.

"Nor I, for I will not assume the vow of poverty and common property," added Mr. Acquisitiveness.

"Nor I, for there are no children in a monastery," said Mr. Philoprogenitiveness.

"Nor I, for no ladies are allowed there," subjoined Mr. Amativeness.

"Nor I, for I will not live on hard, dry bread and water," continued Mr. Alimentiveness.

"Nor I"—"nor I"—exclaimed several other members, each assigning a peculiar reason; and of the whole, Mr. Marvellousness and Mr. Tune were the only ones who desired to accompany Mr. Veneration—the former, because of the mystery of monastic life,—and the latter, because of the admirable music of the monkish ritual.

"Regarding myself as merely an individual," said Mr. Conscientiousness, "I would vote for a memorial to the proprietor, desiring him to remove his house to the limits of a monastery; and I would thus vote, to gratify the devotional gentleman. But he has no greater claim on my regard, than I accord to Mr. Benevolence, and other members who have solemnly protested against the measure. It is not right to gratify a few at the expense of the many. The proprietor's interest is the main thing to be consulted by this Council; and his interest is best promoted when every member is healthy and active, in his appropriate sphere—which many of them could not be in a monastery."

"But you must remember," solemnly replied Mr. Veneration, "that the proprietor's highest interest consists in serving God."

"Nevertheless," rejoined Mr. Conscientiousness, "the proprietor is serving God most acceptably when he is most diligently obeying the advice of this Council, advising and acting in harmony. Mr. Adhesiveness prompts him to love his friends; Mr. Benevolence prompts to a wider, even an unselfish, universal range of regard,—and right obedience to these impulses, is obedience and devotion to God. Mr. Sublimity and Mr. Ideality point out to the proprietor the grandeur and beauty of the Divine workmanship, from a globe to an atom, from a universe to a flower; and when Mr. Veneration directs his admiration to the Holy Author, a truly devotional frame of mind is the result. Seclusion from society and nature is utterly subversive of duty to man and piety to God. I am indebted to Mr. Causality for much of this reasoning; and I present it as Chairman of the Board of Control, of which the gentleman last named has been appointed Adviser."

This speech of Mr. Conscientiousness plainly was influential with Mr. Veneration; and that worthy gentleman, after

Mr. Hope had spoken a few encouraging words, expressed his cordial adoption of the sentiments he had heard.

This reconciliation produced a most happy effect on every member of the Council, as indicated by a hearty shaking of hands. Meanwhile, I was felicitating myself on the satisfactory answer to the question, What then will become of ME?—and the simple assurance, THOU SHALT NEVER DIE, was more highly prized than would have been the diadem of universal earthly empire.

When Mr. Time announced 10 o'clock, there was a motion for adjournment; but Mr. Tune was so well pleased with the existing harmony, that he proposed favoring us with a song. The proposal was well received. "Let it be a love-song," said a gentleman in the back part of the chamber.—"I should prefer hearing one of the Hymns of Zion," said another; and a third suggested "Home, sweet Home," as the best lines and music he had ever heard.

Finding a wide difference in taste, Mr. Self-Esteem proposed, and it was agreed to, *nem. con.*, that the proprietor should make a selection. I suggested Union and Friendship as the subject; but Mr. Tune did not know any suitable words. Mr. Language volunteered to furnish the words, but he had no appropriate thoughts,—and so there was still a difficulty. To end the matter, it was agreed that I should compose some stanzas forthwith; and, being aided by the members, I shortly produced the following verses, and read them in the hearing of the whole Council:—

Tho' clanish are we, we are three clans of brothers,
By some known as body, and spirit, and soul;
As sentiments, intellect, propensities, others
Inversely arrange us,—and unto the whole
The name is here given, (—if rhyme it not smothers,)
Proprietor's Council and Board of Control.

But as in the case of the nearest of kin,
Who wrangle and quarrel—so here among *us*,
The conflict of interests often brings in
Contention, and strife, and ill-will; and thus
Entails on the members the evils of sin,
To *discord* traced back, when the theme we discuss.

In penitence soon to our senses returning,
The blessing of peace and good will we recal;
And now, all the evils of discord discerning,
The wishes of each are submitted to all,
And from our experience of harmony learning,
For *Union* we labor, and *Friendship* withal.

Though many in number, we yet can agree,
As recent events may in fairness attest;
Hence, centred in home tho' we mainly may be,
For travel and travels we still have a zest;
And while we admire the sublime that we see,
The joy of the beautiful still is confessed.

In one common likeness all interest moulding,
Our joy is compared to the joy of a feast;
And one of our number the causes unfolding,
Benevolence smiles on the greatest and least,
And caution, no lurking suspicion beholding,
From all of his fears for the time is released.

Acquiring things needful, we think it is fit,
While wonder displaying, still closely to scan
What others are doing, and imitate *it*,
Or yet peradventure improve on the plan,
And gratify self, not alone by our wit,
But eke by constructing the best that we can.

In all our proceedings due order observing,
The ladies our kindness unceasingly share;
And welfare of friends and of children subserving,
(Diminishing ever the weight of our care,)
The profit is ours, for we still are preserving
A conscience whose peacefulness nought can impair.

Thus seeking approval, from Friendship we borrow
The colors which form in the darkness the bow,
And firmness still aids us in combat with sorrow,
—Destroying all evils as onward we go,—
While hope speaks the language, A better to-morrow,
The day-dawn of Union will certainly show.

Thus while we in suavity frankly profess
What each one desires and delights in the most,
In reverence for others we jointly profess
The peace, and the joy and the strength of a host,
And give the Proprietor reason to bless
The Union and Friendship whereof we now boast.

When I finished reading these lines, Mr. Tune declared that some of the stanzas set his teeth on edge—that it was impossible to compose music for such barbarous rhymes, and that he could not sing them. Mr. Ideality protested that I had omitted some of his imagery, and horribly mangled the rest of it; and Mr. Comparison averred, that my use of his similitudes reminded him of a bear bedecking his brow with a garland of roses.

To prevent farther criticism, I respectfully asked leave to publish the prominent items of the evening's conference; and the desired privilege being granted, the Council adjourned.

Thanksgiving Day.

Verily, there will be abundance of joy and gladness, in the region round about, on the morrow—for the morrow is **THANKSGIVING DAY**. Turkeys, pumpkin pies, and scores of other niceties, will be in requisition; and youngsters and oldsters will be right happy—and haply they will be thankful for all the bounties and blessings of Providence. Admirable custom of New England! I would that mine own Pennsylvania would adopt it; yea, that the custom were observed in the length and breadth of the whole land, and that it were observed every where on the same day. For would not the happiness of each family be increased by the reflection that every other family was enjoying a similar blessing?

And why should not the wealthier folks see to it, that their poorer neighbors are amply supplied for the occasion? And why should not the tenants of our alms-houses, yea, and of our prisons also, be provided with a great abundance, and of the very best, on that day? Verily, the dinner of the rich monq pe more savory, if they knew that the poor had reason to be specially thankful; and surely we should not partake of our good things with less relish, if we knew that even the prisoners rejoiced together!

These and similar pleasing thoughts, occupied my mind last evening after retiring to rest. And so long and diligently did I cogitate the matter, as to frame a plan for bringing it about. First of all, there would be no difficulty in inducing the Governors of the six New England States to recommend the observance of the same day; and they could not reasonably object to addressing the Governors of all the other States on the subject; and these would cordially unite in the project, without doubt. The Overseers of alms-houses and prisons would need but little countenance to join in the

measure; and in this way the thing would become so general, that no poor family in any neighborhood would be neglected. And while the plan is so clearly before me, said I, I will arise and commit it to paper for publication; and I will write a score of letters to influential friends, desiring their co-operation.

Accordingly I arose, and, having dressed myself, sat down to my table to fulfil these intentions. The first thing that met my eye, was a letter, which I had overlooked in the evening. On opening it, I found it contained an urgent request, from a special friend, to officiate at his wedding, in a town some twenty miles distant, at an early hour next morning. I must be moving, said I; for, on consulting my watch, I found it was considerably past midnight. So, after due preparation, I obtained a horse, and departed. I arrived in season to breakfast with the parties, and after performing the ceremony, reposed for an hour or two, and started on my way home about 11 o'clock. Journeying rather carelessly along, I lost my way about noon; and stopping at a very genteel house to inquire the road, was invited to dismount, and partake of a Thanksgiving dinner. The courteous manner of the invitation, and the venerable appearance of the good man of the house, encouraged inclination, and I entered his dwelling, first overhearing the instructions given to "the boys," namely, that my beast should also have a Thanksgiving repast.

I was introduced to the wife, and sons, and daughters, and sons-in-law, and daughters-in-law, and soon found myself gratifying philoprogenitiveness by playing with divers youngsters of the third generation. Happy family! here ye are all together, said I, while I am some hundreds of miles distant from my kindred. "One of ours is also absent from home," said the good matron; "if he were only present, our joy would be full." I saw a tear in her eye as she spoke,

and thought proper to change the conversation. And to what should I change it, but to my plan for a Universal Thanksgiving? The thought was well received; and we talked about it in the free flowing of full hearts,—for on Thanksgiving day, if at no other time, *the heart* will have its way, *the head* to the contrary, notwithstanding. In this case, however, there was perfect unity with head and heart.

Presently dinner was announced, and a goodly company were we, and happy also, as we moved in procession to the large room. First in order went the old folks, (man and wife for nearly forty years;) then came I, (as an honored guest,) with a buxom daughter on my arm; then followed the other members of the family; and the ploughman brought up the rear.

And what a famous dinner met our view! The large oaken table, with a cloth as white as snow, was well nigh covered with all manner of dishes, a large turkey being most prominent. There was enough for thrice our number, and to spare.

The seating of the company was admirably arranged, and seemed perfectly understood. At the head of the table sat the worthy pair, and, by courtesy to the stranger, my partner and myself occupied the other end. Right and left of us, the other members of the family were seated; and I noticed a vacant chair and plate about midway on the side next the father. My partner softly whispered to me that the vacancy was left for her absent brother; and before I had time to make any inquiry, the venerable patriarch thus spake:

“Our worthy Chief Magistrate has recommended us to set apart this day as a special season for Thanksgiving, Praise, and Prayer; and our duty as good citizens to comply, is in harmony with our duty as Christian people. And I hope our hearts may be suitably impressed by the blessings of the Lord, to return him our hearty thanks for all his mercies,

and to implore a continuance of his Divine benediction." I cannot give a faithful sketch of the thanksgiving and prayer which ensued. It was indeed melting,—so simple in its diction—so fervent in its expression—and withal so brief. Every heart was touched; especially when the full soul of the father was vented in a prayer for the reformation and return of his prodigal son: "Thou seest, O Lord, that a chair and plate are here for him; and thou knowest, O Lord, that our hearts and arms are open to receive him." So affecting was the scene, that I freely wept; and none more fervently responded *Amen*, than did the invited guest.

After a moment's pause, carving was silently commenced in several places around the table, my own included,—but the operation was suddenly suspended by the inquiry of a little grand-daughter—"Gran'-papa," said she, "why didn't you pray for uncle John as well as for uncle William? You prayed for them *both* last Thanksgiving." A flood of tears was the only reply. "Won't he come home from hell?" she continued. In an instant, I understood the whole story.—John and William were both wayward sons: the latter was still in the land of the living; the former had departed to the undiscovered country; and his simple-hearted niece had been told that he was in hell! "Can't he come home?" she eagerly inquired,

—O ye who yearn so fondly over *the quick*! have ye no sympathy for *the dead*?—nay, for the quick who *would* but *cannot* die? Be seated at the feet of that little child, and listen to the pure language of divine-humanity! Smother not the flame: it was lit by a coal from heaven's own altar! Quench not the spirit: it is the breathing of the living God! Will ye pray for the prodigal's return from earth's wild waste to the Thanksgiving of an earthly home,—and *not* pray that your own erring child may be brought from the world of wo to the Thanksgiving in the home above? Verily,

I say unto you, Your creed may seal your lip—but in *the heart* ye pray, nevertheless. Nay, ye pray not: it is *the Spirit* that maketh intercession with groanings which cannot be uttered. And shall there be also an answer? Yes, an answer also; and it shall be the answer of the Lamb of God!

——“My dear grand-daughter,” said the old man, with a tremulous voice, “we hope uncle John is enjoying a better Thanksgiving than this.”

“Have they any Thanksgiving in hell?” said the little girl.

“My child, we hope your uncle is in heaven,” replied the grandfather, greatly agitated.

I heartily desired that the conversation on that subject might here be closed; but the child, in all simplicity, subjoined, “My Sabbath School Teacher told me that uncle John died without a change of heart, and that he is in hell.”

—— Answer me, ye believers in a partial salvation: The iron which entered the soul of that venerable man and all his adult kindred,—was it not forged on your own anvil, and pointed with the serpent’s tooth by your own hands? ——

“Perhaps he did—perhaps he is;—we hope he did not—we hope he is not,”—replied the aged sire in brokenness of voice, and greater brokenness of spirit. The scene was too painful for me, and I said to the innocent cause thereof, “My little sister, our Father in Heaven loved your uncle John better than your grandfather ever did; and He is a great deal more merciful. You believe your grandfather would bring your uncle to the heavenly Thanksgiving, if he could; and you may be sure our Father in Heaven will not do less.”

Immediately I introduced another subject, and exerting my colloquial powers to the utmost, succeeded in diverting the attention of the family from the mournful topic. They saw my object, and I did not need words to be assured of their gratitude. A chastened pleasure was enjoyed by the whole

company; and at the close of the meal, my host invited me to return thanks. It was a thanksgiving unmingled with tears; and we retired to the sitting-room in a joyousness of spirit unfelt for the preceding hour.

The circumstances detailed, had evidently been forgotten by the children; for in the free hilarity of the day, they soon began their wonted pranks,—and I was glad to see it, not only because it amused and gratified me, but because the older members of the family enjoyed it. I even joined in the gambols of a sprightly black-eyed boy, until his merry laugh was echoed from every part of the room.

Presently, however, the youngsters betook themselves to the spacious kitchen, for a game of blind-man's buff; and I made preparations to depart.

"I know not who or what you are," said the old man; "but I know that we have this day entertained an angel unawares. A melancholy Thanksgiving dinner should we have eaten this day, had it not been for you—for I frankly confess, that my little grand-daughter was too much for me. You know the whole story. You greatly relieved us. You did it by silencing the tongue of the prattler."

"And I silenced her, my aged friend, by convincing her," said I; "though I fear that the rest of you were only relieved. You were not convinced."

"Confessedly," said the worthy man, "there are awful doubts still resting on my mind; and I fear that the questions which I could not answer an hour ago, will long ring in my ears, and bring down my hoar head in sorrow to the grave." After a deep gush of emotion, in which the family largely participated, he continued: "I may never meet you again. If you can throw a ray of light on the darkened pathway of an old man's pilgrimage, my soul shall bless you till my dying hour. Tell me why you think you silenced the little girl by convincing her. Tell me why *your* assertion should have

greater force in her mind, than the assertion of her Sabbath School Teacher?"

"Good friends, let us be seated," said I, "and we will talk this matter over. First of all, admit it to be a fact, that your son died without a change of heart. The little girl's Teacher made an assertion, and she believed it. I made an assertion, and she believed it—though mine was the opposite of his. He had greatly the advantage of me in one respect. She knew him well: I was a stranger to her. But I had vastly the advantage of him in another respect. He addressed the education of the head, not yet confirmed: I addressed the spirit of the heart, not yet tainted by the doubts and evil of the world."

"I see it, I see it," said the old man thoughtfully. "I pray you repeat the argument you used to her."

"It was substantially this," said I: "You fondly love your son, and would bring him to the heavenly Thanksgiving, if you could, God is more merciful than you are.—Will He do less?"

"But," quickly responded the mother, "has not God said that those who die without a change of heart shall never be brought to Zion?"

"No, good mother," said I, "He has not; yet you have long believed that He has. My argument therefore does not convince you; but it convinced your little grand-daughter—for her mind is not yet darkened by education. She is as God made her—simple, pure, confiding. 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.' She will believe any thing you teach her—but yet awhile the feelings of her heart will be stronger than the lessons you will address to her head. Worthy friends, if you would have joy and peace in believing, you must learn a lesson from that little child."

After a brief pause, I thus continued: "We must never depart from these divine truths, that God is infinitely wiser

and more merciful than we are, and that the Redeemer's grace abounds much more than the sin of man. God was as merciful one hour after your son died, as He was one hour before ; and it is only *the spirit of unbelief* which says, that the Saviour's grace cannot change the sinner's heart as well one hour *after*, as one hour *previously* to his death. Your little grand-daughter as yet knows nothing of that wisdom of this world which limits the operations of an all-present, all-knowing, all-merciful God, to the short span of human life. And therefore she undoubtingly yielded to my argument. I addressed to her a sentiment taught me by the wisdom from above ; and her heart heard it, and believed it, and was satisfied."

"Your words are indeed like unto oil poured out freely on the troubled waters," said the old man, "and I feel as if the weight of a mill-stone was taken from my mind. But is there, then, no punishment for sin?"

"Yea, verily there is," I replied, "but it is a punishment meted out by the wisdom of the same merciful Father, to bring his ransomed children to Himself. Your departed son, for whom you did not pray, is in the hands of the same Divine Being as is the living child, for whom you poured out your soul in the fulness of a father's love. And they shall both be brought home, perhaps through great tribulation ; nevertheless they shall both be brought home to the Universal Thanksgiving of our Father's house."

As I arose to depart, the old man grasped my hand. His heart was full, and he could not speak. "Be not faithless, but believing," said I, as I presented my other hand to his wife,— "Be not faithless, but believing, and the peace and blessing of God shall be abundantly yours."

I bade adieu to one and all, with many thanks for their kind hospitality ; and mounting my horse, was soon on my homeward way. The consciousness of having ministered to

the comfort of a worthy household, gave to me an elasticity of spirit which prompted a rapid movement ; and my well-fed beast was in a similar mood. At a sudden turn in the road, however, I nearly lost my balance, and the effort to recover my position —— awoke me ; and behold, it was a dream.

Nevertheless, a dream of much truth !

A Consistent Universalist.

During my residence in the city of brotherly love, I saw it announced in a New England periodical opposed to the doctrine of Universalism, that in a certain town there lived a "consistent Universalist." The object of the article was, to bring Universalism into disrepute, by representing a very wicked man as a professor thereof, and so palming him off as a consistent disciple.

Being numbered with those who are accustomed to "labor and suffer reproach because we trust in the living God who is the Saviour of all men," I heeded not the railing accusation of the adversary; nevertheless, my attention was attracted by the expression, *a consistent Universalist*; and I earnestly desired to behold an individual in whom should be manifested all the graces of the doctrine of infinite and everlasting love. Holy Father, said I, if thy divine truth, in all its sublime efficiency, be exemplified in any one of thy vast family, I beseech thee to inform me where he resides; and though his abode be in the frozen climes of the north, or in the burning temperature of the torrid zone, I will take the pilgrim's staff in hand, and journey to his habitation, that I may behold thy image displayed in the tabernacle of flesh!

* * * * In the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, the angel of the Lord appeared to his servant; and when the voice said, "Evangelist, arise!" I arose and stood upon my feet. And when I was bidden to follow the heavenly messenger, I silently obeyed.

As on the wings of the wind we were conveyed over land and sea, old hoary-headed Time rolling back the wheels of his invisible car; and at length we stood on a verdant mount in an oriental clime. Unseen ourselves, an extensive and

clear prospect was presented to our view. Brook, river and lake; vale, hill and mountain; desert, hamlet and city—all, all were before us as a map in detail. And we saw single individuals, and groups of people, and vast multitudes, in all the endless variety of human character and condition. High and low, rich and poor, bond and free, saint and sinner,—all, all were clearly seen, as we gazed on the panorama of human life.

I freely indulged in expressions of admiration at what I beheld, until a feeling of profound awe, in the remembrance of my supernatural vision, settled down into a solemn silence.

“Evangelist!” said the angel, “I marvel not that thou shouldst be astonished, nor that thy astonishment should be resolved into silence, as its deepest and most expressive form. Nevertheless, consider only *the end* in which I have been commissioned to instruct thee.—Thou seest before thee a multitude, which consists indeed of individuals, but those individuals may be severally regarded as but the representatives of the various conditions and characters of men in all ages and in all climes. Thou seest the extremes both of poverty and riches, of health and illness, of virtue and vice, of happiness and wo, of glory and of gloom. O who may walk amid that throng, and display all the excellencies of the spiritual life! O who may be willing to encounter the sight of squalid misery, and foulest disease, and still fouler iniquity, and not turn away in disgust? Would it not be preferable to seek a habitation in the wilderness, than to mingle in the changing scenes of such a heart-sickening world? Yet, as the Hebrew children, in the olden time, walked unharmed in the flames of fire, so shall one come forth from yonder despised village, and prefer the activity of virtue to a life of ease in inactive devotion. And he shall walk in white, for he is worthy; and his garment shall be unstained in the midst of pollution; and his soul shall live

even in the midst of death! Behold him come forth; and let thy quickened senses regard him in all the variety of scenes through which he may be called to pass."

I looked as directed, and beheld him go forth from the village, unnoticed and alone. His face was toward the wilderness; and when he was far from the habitations of men, he prayed for strength to sustain him in every evil hour. And then he returned to mingle with the varied and jostling throng.

I noticed that wherever he appeared, he brought with him a blessing; and my heart glowed with admiration and love, as I saw him weep with the sorrowing and rejoice with the glad. In the hovel of poverty, he stretched forth the hand of relief, and by the bed of languishing he breathed the words of consolation which may light up the face of the dying with a smile. When the ear heard him, then it blessed him; and when the eye saw him, it gave witness to him; because he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and those who had none to help them. He was eyes to the blind and feet to the lame. The blessing of such as were ready to perish came upon him; and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. He put on righteousness, and it clothed him; his judgment was as a robe and a diadem.

I was about to make certain inquiries of the angel in relation to this minister of peace—but he placed his finger on his lip, and motioned me to continue my observations. I looked again, and behold! adversaries had risen up, who reproached and vilified the friend of the friendless. In the bitterness of their animosity, they cursed him; in the sublimity of his benevolence, he blessed them in return. They impeached his motives, and persecuted those who had received aid at his hands. In their view, he had no form nor comeliness; and when they saw him, they beheld no beauty that they should desire him. Still he labored on, and labored

in their behalf. Still he patiently suffered reproach, for he had been baptised in the holy spirit of the living God.

But the darkness became deeper, until it settled down into the *blackness* of darkness; and then the powers of darkness triumphed over the outward man of the philanthropist; but the inner man was conqueror, and more than conqueror—for though despised and rejected of men, he was honored and accepted of God. The fire of love that glowed on the altar of his heart was not quenched by many waters—was not drowned by the floods. For still he wept with the sorrowing and rejoiced with the glad; still he had mercy on those who had no mercy on themselves; still when reviled, he reviled not again; and when cursed, he continued to bless.

Again I was about to address the angel, in relation to this exhibition of most wondrous benevolence; but again he enjoined silence, and directed my attention to a change in the scene. I turned, and lo! the friend of the friendless was scourged with rods, and crowned with thorns, and nailed to a cross! The sun hid his face, and would not behold this outrage on all that was holy and true. The angel at my side looked on in breathless silence, anxiously awaiting the issue of a glorious life. And the issue was gloriously sublime! “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.”

* * * * “Evangelist,” said the angel, “it is finished and thou hast witnessed the life and death of the only perfectly consistent Universalist the world ever saw. Be thou not therefore ashamed of the testimony of thy Lord.”

I turned to gaze once more on the scene of these wonders—but Calvary and Moriah, and Nazareth and Jerusalem, and Kedron and Jordan had faded away!—I turned to my ministering angel—but he had departed; and Judea, with all its glory and gloom, had passed from my view. The vision was completed; and the rays of the morning sun awoke me

in the city of brotherly love. And I prayed that the quickening beams of the Sun of Righteousness may ever brighten the pathway of my pilgrimage, and form in me the image of that *truly consistent Universalist*, the Lamb of God.

Day of Small Things.

I spent the greater part of last evening in conversation with several steadfast disciples of the universal Saviour; and our communion was sweet, for we spake of the triumphs of redeeming grace, and the glories of the heavenly kingdom. Our hearts burned within us as we contemplated the victory over sin and death; and the prospective blessedness of *all* naturally led to a consideration of the means best adapted to bring mankind into the *present enjoyments* of the chosen people of God.

Righteousness of life, and its tendency to nullify the oft repeated charge of licentious influence; devout attention to the public ministrations of the word of truth; conference meetings; Sabbath Schools; Bible classes; circulation of books and tracts; adequate support of periodical publications—these, and other means, were largely spoken of, and an ardent desire was manifested that we might give diligent heed thereto.

At a late hour I retired to rest; and scarcely had I fallen asleep, when I was visited by the angel of dreams, and was immediately subject to his influence.

“I will shave myself,” said I, “for I shall presently have company—and personal neatness must be attended to.”

The usual preparations being made, I took a paper from a large number that were piled on my table, and was in the

act of tearing it, when a voice cried "Stop!" Instantly I dropped it, and said, "Who is it that thus addresses me in my own premises?"

"It is I," responded the paper; "and if thou wilt hearken a few moments, I will tell thee why I desired thee to stop."

Being disposed to lend a willing ear whenever assured that a *reason* is forthcoming, I sat down, and requested the speaker to proceed. Whereupon he proceeded as follows:

"Evangelist! thou hast been engaged for several years in the dissemination of Gospel truth; and thou hast been disposed, not merely to feed the multitude, but to gather up the fragments that nothing may be lost. Nevertheless, I have somewhat against thee. Art thou not one of the number of those who have *despised the day of small things?*"

"In what respect?" said I.

"In several respects," responded the speaker. "For example: wert thou not in the act of tearing me up for shaving paper when I commanded thee to stop?"

Not precisely comprehending the meaning of this question, I desired an explanation, which was immediately furnished.

"Thou seest before thee a messenger of good tidings.—Examine me carefully, and thou wilt find me competent rightly to explain several passages of Holy Writ which have been greatly perverted by the wisdom of the world. And thou wilt see that I am able to answer several objections which that same earthly wisdom has often urged against the faith once delivered to the saints. And thou wilt also discover that I can so speak to the righteous as to encourage their hearts; so converse with the sinner as to turn him from the error of his ways; and so address the mourner as to dry the tear of sorrow and hush the sigh of grief. Nevertheless, thou wert about to destroy me!"

"Thou hast not overrated thy ability," said I; "but thou hast accomplished the work allotted thee. Thou hast told

me all thou *canst* tell; and since I must needs have shaving paper, why shouldst thou object to being used in that way?"

"Because in destroying *me*, thou art despising the day of small things. For a single penny thou canst supply thyself with white (and therefore tongueless) paper many weeks; and by sending me on a missionary tour, I may be the means of saving at least one soul from death—and thou shouldst be welcome to the reward."

"But whither should I send thee?" said I.

"Send me whithersoever thou wilt—but only send—for thou canst not send amiss. Thousands of thy brethren in the human family are groaning in darkness and woe. There are thousands to whom I might prove indeed a light, to guide their feet into the way of peace—thousands to whom I might convey the Comforter, even the spirit of truth.—Small thing am I—but despise me not. Rivers are composed of drops—globes may consist of grains of sand."

"But I fear," said I, "that in sending thee forth, thou mayst fall into the hands of one who will condemn thy message unheard, and trample thee under foot. What then wouldst thou say?"

"From an enemy I could bear it, yea, even submit to being used in the most ignoble way—but from one who professes to regard me as a herald of good tidings, I cannot bear it without a murmur and a protest. I ask thee but to send me forth, and I will cheerfully labor and suffer reproach, so that I may peradventure be the means of doing good.—Preach thou, and praise, and pray—but destroy me not."

"I will send thee forth to-morrow," said I, "and my prayer and blessing shall be with thee."

So soon as I uttered this promise, the speaker returned most hearty thanks; and from the pile of papers from which I had taken him up, there came the sound of many imploring voices, "Send me, also! Send me, also!"

"I will send *ye all*," said I; and immediately they united in a thrilling chorus of joy.

Away, on the errand of mercy away,
We all shall be sent at the dawning of day:
And each to the people will utter a voice
In which the redeemed and the angels rejoice.

Salvation to man shall be ever our theme,
And glory and might to the only Supreme!
And Babylon's bulwarks shall totter and fall
When Jesus is known as the *Saviour of all*!

As streams in the desert to travellers are,
Who wander from home and from kindred afar,
The tidings we bear of redemption above
Shall come on the wings of the mystical Dove.

The weak shall be strong, and the fainting shall rise,
To welcome the tidings we bring from the skies:
For tidings of comfort and joy we'll impart
To the meekly confiding and lowly of heart.

The sinner from tresspass and vileness shall turn,
When he in our message the truth shall discern,
And cleaving to virtue, his soul shall increase
In the knowledge and joy of the kingdom of peace.

And light from Mount Sion shall scatter all gloom,
And roses in Sharon shall flourish and bloom,
And mountains shall shout, and the valleys shall sing,
When men shall receive the salvation we bring.

The chorus ceased; the Angel of Dreams departed; and I awoke. The papers were lying undisturbed on my table—but ere mid-day they were out on an errand of truth and mercy.

The Doomed Welf,

Our pleasant and somewhat retired village was in the midst of commotion. A Revival of Religion, commonly so called, was in "the full tide of successful experiment." The people, with few exceptions out of a population of more than 300 adults, attended the meetings, and they were greatly moved—for the moving preachers were there, and they were armed with all and singular the terrors of Pandemonium, superadded to the blackness, and darkness, and tempest of Sinai. Is it remarkable that the villagers should be moved even to agony, with all the artillery of Revivalism sounding in their ears from day to day? Shall not the aged tremble, and the youthful quake, when the strong man is bowed as a reed in the rush of the whirlwind?

But a circumstance occurred in the progress of the excitement, which wrought it up to the highest pitch of endurance, and then—the long agony was over—and the preachers departed—and the people removed—and the village became a waste and howling wilderness. Peruse the narrative, and deem it a vision, if thou wilt—nevertheless, diligently seek and consider the intent thereof.

It was a delightful afternoon in September. The outward harvest had been secured as the reward of industry, and a harvest of souls was being gathered in the sanctuary as the fruit of many days' excitement. The preacher was pouring out the third vial on the rivers of peace and the fountains of joy—and they became blood. And shall the people drink blood? Better that than worse. And so they quenched the spirit of resistance to terror, and bowed down in implicit obedience to "the son of thunder" and, peradventure, of lightning. Every eye was fixed on the speaker, and every heart fearfully awaited the issue.

But there is a stir next the door. What means it? There are voices, and anon there are departures in haste. The whisperings spread till they pervade the house—and there is a general up-rising. The Deacon announces the cause of the commotion. A ferocious wolf has been making depredations, not on the sheep-fold, (for that were a small matter,) but on the children left at home. The meeting is dissolved, and woful is the reality to many a parent's heart! The wounded, and dying, and dead, are found in divers parts of the village! Ye preachers of Revivalism! here is work for you—but, remember, it is Gospel work. See that ye attend to it. "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith our God."—Truly it is a sorrowful time—and will the funeral be less sorrowful? Verily there is work for you. See that ye comfort the people.

In the midst of it all, there is still Revivalism, for is not here a subject of most woful and touching appeal? The heart is now open, and ye can look into it, and breathe into it your own will. But there shall come a more vivid theme. *This* ye can fathom—but that which shall be to-morrow ye cannot understand—and ye shall labor in vain to solve the mystery. Wherefore, prepare.

On the morrow, ere the sun had risen, there was a fearful wolf-howl heard—a cry as of suffocating agony—and the mother clasped her babe still closer to her breast, and wept as she thought of the funeral scene of yesterday. And the men went forth to destroy the destroyer. Think ye that they went forth in quietness of feeling? But the destroyer was beyond their reach—for, behold! he was suspended high in air, directly over the meeting house! The villagers gather in groups to contemplate the spectacle, and to exchange surmises in relation thereto. Those whose families have suffered by the devastation of the wolf, cannot conceal their gratification that he is now receiving the just punish-

ment of his ferocity ; and there are even a few who shout in exultation as they witness the doom of the destroyer. Let vengeance make haste—for the time is short !

Mysterious indeed, and awful, is the scene ! He is suspended by the neck, yet not so as to prevent a continuous wild and agonizing howl, nor a fierce struggle for release.—The rope is distinctly seen, as the sun appears above the horizon—but it tapers upward, and upward, and is lost in the blaze of light.—The preachers are aroused to solve the mystery. They come forth, and gaze horrified. “It is the judgment of God,” said they. And then the air resounded with a wilder cry from the struggling animal.—“Hearken ye, and repent and believe,” continued the preachers. And a deeper gloom settled down on the village.

The hour for meeting arrived—but who shall describe the feelings and thoughts, the sayings and doings of that day ? The solemn tones of the church bell mingled with the doleful sounds above—and O what a worship-warning was heard in the combination ! The hymns were sung—but the howl of the wolf mingled with the voice of the Psalm ! And the sermon—imagine it, if thou wilt, but be not apprehensive of conceiving too horribly of its representations. The scene was laid,

“Far in the deep where darkness dwells,

The land of horror and despair,”—

and an illustration was drawn from the perdition of the wolf, who struggled, and was not released—who howled, and was not comforted—who lives in torment, and shall not die !

The people were moved, even to intensity of woe. The sinful were convicted—the praying were converted—the penitent were redeemed—but there was no shout in the camp of Israel—for did not the wolf-howl chill the fevered-

blood of enthusiasm? Verily, verily I say unto you, the sunshine of that day was obscured by clouds of gloom.

Noon arrived, and the people were dismissed with a benediction which they heard not—for their thoughts were with the agonized destroyer. And when they went forth, and looked upwards, they spake to each other of what they saw; and feeling and thought were expressed in tones of sorrow. The bereaved parent forgot his own dead child in sympathy for the living and tormented foe. No longer did any exult in what they beheld, but all desired the cessation of the spectacle. Did not I say, Let vengeance make haste, for the time is short? Consider it, and be wise.

What shall be done? A rifle is brought, and a strong arm elevates it, and a keen eye aims it, but the ball falls short of the mark. "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God," said the Deacon; "the destroyer cannot die!" Still another attempt is made, and another—for were not the people *human*? Verily, they would even hazard the issue, for peradventure a fortunate shot might terminate the sufferings of the wolf. Are ye the men who so lately exulted in his woe? Nevertheless, in vain ye strive—for *the destroyer cannot die!*

The bell again summons to public worship, but the summons is regarded by few. Why shouldst thou enter the sanctuary, and leave thy thoughts and feelings in the open air? Why shouldst thou listen to that which thou canst not hear? Or why shouldst thou elevate thy voice in the psalm, with the wolf-howl ringing in thine ears? Thou canst not do it, unless thou wilt mock God.

And so the sanctuary is well nigh deserted. Not so the streets of the village. Means are devised to release the sufferer—but desire hath not always the means of accomplishment—and all is vain. Put away thy rifle—for powder, and lead, and keen sight, and a strong arm, will avail thee nought. The tapering rope is lost in the light. Dost thou

not know that it is held by a hand which thou canst not see? Wilt thou fight against God? Thou canst not slay what he hath quickened into undying life.

Twilight came, and still the wolf was seen struggling and heard howling. Night shut out the sight—but darkness cannot smother sound. And what a night to the people of that village! The wolf howled in his pangs, and the dogs howled in their terror. And shall the people sleep? Some stopped their ears—but they could not smother thought. Children nestled closer to their parents, and sank into broken slumber—but old men and young men, and matrons and maidens—saints and sinners—preachers and people—toiled through the weary night-watches, and rose unrefreshed at day-dawn, and went forth—and there still hung the destroyer, still struggling, and still sounding the doleful dirge of deathless doom!

Another day—and what a day! The bell will shortly summon you to the sanctuary. Wherefore will ye obey the call? Ye cannot sing the song of praise. Ye cannot hear the pulpit message. Nevertheless, obey the summons. Go one, go all—for haply ye can *pray*. Pray for yourselves and for your children—for will ye sit down patiently, and become mad? Ye are feverish with night-watching, and your nerves are not brass. Go therefore to the sanctuary, and pray.

To the sanctuary they repair, and they pray. O how fervently they pray. Even for *the wolf* they pray. "O Lord, it is enough! Merciful Heaven, O how long?" Friends, remember the devastation of the destroyer. Remember the burial scene. Nevertheless, pray—for ye are *human*, and ye have been converted. "O Lord most merciful! release the sufferer, lest thy people be cut off from the land!" And the wolf's wild wail sounded fearfully in the still air. "Or if this be not thy will, in great mercy permit the destroyer to

die!" But the destroyer still struggled, and the woful howl chilled every heart.

And they went forth from the sanctuary in despair. Sirs, ye may well be solemn in this time of gloom, for it is a solemn and gloomy thing to know that ye are within sight and hearing of an agonizing creature which cannot die!

And so the day waxed till the meridian, and waned till the night-fall; and the people became haggard and grief-worn, and shut themselves up in their dwellings—but the voice of woe is a penetrating thing. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth." But what if thou knowest whence cometh the doleful sound which thou hearest this night? True, thou knowest not whither it goeth, nor what the end hereof shall be,—nevertheless, thou hearest what thou listest not; and thou shalt *think* of it, whether thou wilt hear or forbear.

But, friends, ye are wearied with watching, and ye will sleep. Peradventure ye will dream. Ay, *if* ye sleep ye *will* dream—and ye will see, and hear, and feel, and think, and pray, and shudder! For are ye not human? and is humanity ever *dead* while soul and spirit cling to the body? And while ye sleep, will the poor wolf repose on a bed of flowers? Yes, ye will dream this night—and also ye will suffer, and awake in agony.

Another day has dawned, and the same sun has risen, and the same people have gone forth to gaze on the same spectacle. Humanity can bear much—but it cannot bear every thing. A few days ago, there was a burial scene, and there were maledictions on the suspended wolf. But vengeance is swallowed up and lost in sympathy; and the desire now is, that the destroyer may be permitted to die! A small boon, surely—but he *cannot* die—and the people cannot re-

main to behold him writhing in pain, and to hear the woful wail of a dreadful doom.

And, family by family, they prepare to depart. It is a common impulse. No one asks his neighbor, Why? for every one has the answer in his own heart; nor, Whither? for every one feels that he neither knows nor cares, provided he can flee from the awful spectacle. And ere the sunset of a fortnight, they are all far, far away. Only one living creature is in or near the village—and that living creature cannot die!

And grass has sprung up, and nettles, where happy children were wont to play; and desolation covers the long-hallowed scenes of domestic joy. And the wind sweeps mournfully through the dwellings fast falling to decay, bearing with it the doleful howl of the still suspended and still suffering destroyer!

The once happy villagers are scattered far and wide; but they have not forgotten the fearful spectacle, nor any of its circumstances; and when they present themselves at the throne of grace, they remember to pray that the poor wolf may be permitted to die!

“Well, and what is the meaning of this improbable story about a doomed wolf?”

First tell me wherein it is improbable, except in the suspension of the destroyer? And is it any more improbable that God has thus suspended a wolf, and will not grant him the small boon of permission to die, than that he will ever immortalise some of his own offspring, merely that they may suffer undying pangs?

If thou hadst been in that village, wouldst thou not have prayed for the wolf? Verily, if thou hast the heart of humanity, thou wouldst *pray even for the devil*, under such circumstances!

Friend, thy imagination has peopled a gloomy world of endless despair. Suppose, if thou wilt, that a score of those woful sufferers, instead of being wholly out of sight and hearing, were suspended in the heavens, directly over thy dwelling. Thou canst see them writhing in deepest pangs—thou canst hear their continuous wail of despair, tortured as they are in every fibre! Among the number are some of thine own kindred and friends—perhaps thy father, mother, or child!—once happy—now doomed for ever! How long couldst thou stand unmoved? What! already praying for their release?—or, haply, that they may be permitted to die? Even so. And I tell thee, friend, that if thy prayer were long unanswered, thou wouldst curse God in the bitterness of thy heart, and flee from the horrible scene!

But whither wilt thou flee? They follow thee. In the broad glare of day, they are still seen suspended over thy head. In the pale moon-beams, and in the cold star-light, thou shalt still behold their struggles; and thine ears shall ever be filled with their terrific cry! Thou mayst dig a cave and exclude thyself from the day—but thou canst not stifle thought, nor canst thou strangle either memory or imagination! The scene of horror is with thee still, and fearful is the agony of thy soul. Pray God that the doomed may die, or thou wilt soon be mad!

Wealth, Fame, Beauty.

A vision had I, and its varied array
A waking conception may seem ;
But none against fancy will rashly inveigh,
Nor mock me for dreaming a dream,
If what I indite any truth shall display,
Allied to the moralist's theme.

I dreamed that a singular conjuror came,
And held up a mirror to view,
Wherein the enchantments of riches and fame,
Which mortals with ardor pursue,
And all the endearments that beauty may claim,
Were shadowed in images true.

For riches, full oft, I in secret had sighed,
The means of a blessing to man ;
The honors which fame had to others supplied,
I failed not in rapture to scan ;
And haply I sought for a beautiful bride,
The crown of my every plan.

This magical mirror, I inwardly said,
The fulness of hope shall supply ;
The joy of the heart, and the thought of the head,
Shall here be unveiled to the eye ;
And fancy in gladness my destiny read,
Believing fruition was nigh.

I eagerly looked, and beheld the pure gold,
And jewels of ocean and mine :
"All this," said the conjuror, "freely behold !
For all that desire can divine,
Of vaults of hid treasure which yet shall unfold,
Are thine, and exclusively thine." (51)

My sight was bedimmed by the glittering sheen
Of jewels so costly and rare ;
But when I next turned to look on the scene,
Instead of the gorgeous glare,
The gold was consumed, leaving nothing to glean
From the ashes and mildew there.

The scene was changed ; and the trumpet clang
Of fame was resounding high ;
And erst of the orator's praises sang,
The multitude passing by ;
And then the political plaudit rang,
And echoed the partisan cry.

But soon in a dark and oblivious pall
Was shrouded the fame of the first ;
And the partisan victor,—applauded of all
Ere time had the triumph reversed,—
Exalted a moment, was destined to fall,
And be of the " party " accursed.

And thus, I exclaimed, is the gold of my choice
Now cankered and scattered away ;
And hushed are the tones of the orator's voice,
And dark is the partisan's way ;
Nor longer in these can my spirit rejoice,
Nor be to delusion a prey.

But beauty still blooms, I exultingly cried,
Nor fate shall fruition defer ;
On me, as my treasure, a beautiful bride
My destiny yet will confer ;
And, though nought of riches or fame may betide,
My heart I will garner in her.

When, lo, in the mirror distinctly unveiled,
A girl most enchantingly fair,
With feelings transported, I gladly beheld,
And deemed her beyond compare;
For all the rich graces by fancy revealed,
I saw in reality there.

But woe to the hopes and the prospects of him
In beauty who places his trust!
The eye that so sparkled waxed glassy and dim,
And rapture was changed to disgust,
As death, and transition in feature and limb,
Commingled her graces with dust.

The conjuror glided in silence away,
Nor longer the mirror I saw;
But deeply I pondered the dreamy array,
Some wholesome instruction to draw;
And humbly submit that the scene may convey
These maxims of heavenly law;

In wisdom and knowledge we ever may find
A treasure nought else can impart;
To practical virtue *alone* is assigned
Renown which shall never depart;
And beauty concentrates in vigor of mind,
Established in goodness of heart.

Peter Pious.

A DEACON.....HIS CHARACTER.....HIS DREAM.

PETER PIOUS was honest. In all things he seemed
A man who was just and correct ;
By the men of " the world " he was highly esteemed,
And by the church members his spirit was deemed
As certainly numbered amongst the redeemed,
The sanctified, holy " elect."

And they made him a Deacon. There were but a few,
So *worthy*, when taken in all—
For, besides that his conduct was upright and true,
His visage was solemn, his faith was ' true blue,'
And he was an excellent Psalm singer, too,
And could make a good prayer withal.

And Peter was orthodox—not in the way
By Divines it is *now* understood ;
For he did not believe, as Arminians say,
That sinners are free to despise or obey,
Receive or reject—and that every one may
Select either evil or good,—

But Peter believed, in the *wholesome decrees*,
By many so harshly condemned—
That God is a Sovereign, and that if He please,
He is free t' elect those, and to reprobate these,
Before they existed—if fitting he sees—
To save, or to let them be damned.

And thus Deacon Pious devoutly believed
Th' Almighty Disposer had done ;
Nor could he discover the sinner aggrieved,
By supposing him *born* to be damned and deceived ;
For he held that the righteous salvation received
Through *sovereign favor* alone.

The reasoning of Edwards and Emmons had led
His mind to believe that the pictures of dread
Their vivid imaginings drew,
Were founded in justice—yet often he thought,
With horrors too awful those scenes might be fraught,
(He *pray'd* that they might, tho' his *faith* waver'd not,)
To be in reality true.

On a wild winter eve, by the cheerful fire-side
The Deacon sat in his arm-chair,
And deeply he read of the woes that betide
The reprobate sinner, to demons allied,
Over whom shall yet roll the ebbless fire-tide
Of vengeance and endless *dés*pair.

Asleep went the Deacon. Shall we wonder that he
Could sleep o'er a theme such as this ?
On the Sabbath, in churches, how often we see
The pious a-nodding, though terribly free
The preacher in warning the sinner may be,
To flee from the judgment-abyss.

And if, in despite of the thundering loud,
The saints may thus publicly nod,
Shall the spirit of slumber be never allowed
The mind of a Deacon in private to cloud,
While reading at home of the firmament bowed
To pour out the fury of God ?

The Deacon slept soundly ; and need it be said,
 That visions of marvelous gleam,
 Relating to what he had pondered and read,
 Should visit his soul in the fulness of dread ?
 —He slumbered ; and after the sleep-spirit fled,
 Related the following dream :—

THE DEACON'S DREAM.

“ I dreamed that I died, and that swiftly away
 From earth I was speedily borne ;
 And I hoped soon to dwell with the holy array
 Of angels elected—to bask in the ray
 Of glory celestial—immutable day—
 No more to lament or to mourn.

“ But alas ! when the spirit who guided me on,
 Volunteered not his mission to show,
 I asked his instructions,—I turned—he was gone,
 And I found myself standing, dejected, alone,
 Afar from the bright and the glorious throne,
 On the brink of the ocean of woe !

“ Before me rolled on the wild waves of despair,
 By fire-wrath unquenchably lit ;
 And my sight was nigh seared by the quickening glare
 Which flashed in the groan-crowded, sulphurous air
 That rushed from the bottomless pit.

“ The fate of the wicked, how shall I describe ?
 On the theme it is awful to dwell,—
 How he who, as rhymist, and haply as scribe,
 Was wont to salvation no bounds to prescribe,
 But taught it as promised to every tribe,
 Sank down in the surges of hell.

“ And there were the men he delighted to call
‘ Co-workers, all faithful and true !’
And mingled were preachers, and laymen, and all,
Whom orthodox terrors could never appal,
Bewailing their sad, irretrievable fall,
With the host of the reprobate crew !

“ I gazed on the scene, and I could not forbear
Some tears of compassion to shed ;
‘ Release them, O God !’—’twas an impotent prayer,
For louder then rose the dread shriek of despair,—
‘ Hold ! hold !’ for I saw that John Calvin was there,
With his ‘ Institutes ’ under his head !

“ Amazement and horror ! No soul-cheering ray
Of hope then *my* prospect illumed !
What ! *he* not elected, who once had the sway,
In the square of Geneva, in heresy’s day ?
On a *pile of green wood* he was wasting away,
Consuming, yet never consumed !

“ Hell belched forth its contents, and terrible groans
Came up in the thundering sound—
And louder than all were the death-bell tones !
—O horror of horrors ! I would not for thrones
Again view what followed—for infants’ skull bones,
Like pebbles were scattered around !

“ Thro’ the earthquake that raged, & the punishment dire
No comforting pause intervened ;
And as the fierce tempest swept on in its ire,
I heard the dread chords of demoniac choir,
And saw thro’ the flames of the vehement fire,
The glaring red eyes of THE FIEND.

“ ‘Avaunt thee!’ I cried; for the life-scarring glare
With a woe-yearning smile was elate;
Yet still he looked on, and my heart’s blood with fear
Was curdled and frozen, as he slowly drew near,
And, chuckling that *I* in his reach should appear,
Unbarred and unbolted the gate.

“ ‘Avaunt thee, fell devil!’ I shouted again,
As his lightning-scarred visage peered through;
‘Go back to thy dark and inscrutable den,
‘And torture the *reprobate* children of men,
‘For nine is enough out of every ten,—
With ~~the~~ *tythe* thou hast nothing to do!’

“But grimly he grinned, and he stirred not a jot;
And hearing my shrieks of despair,
A thousand young devils came frolicking out,
And they frisk’d, and they jump’d, and they capered about,
And loud was the mocking, demoniac shout,
They sent through the fiery air!

“I looked to the heavens—but thro’ the dark pall
There beamed no encouraging ray;
And I heard in reply to my penitent call,
‘Am *I* not elected, and saved from the fall?’—
‘*Thou art not—all* have sinned, and of consequence all
Are the devil’s legitimate prey.’

“And the imps of perdition seemed eager to lash
My soul to the torturing wheel,
As loud laughed The Fiend, and the bellowing dash
Of the fire-sea roared, and the sulphurous flash
Gleamed out from the sky, and the thundering crash
Pealed through the vast concave of hell!

“ ‘Avaunt ye!’ I cried ; but they kept on their way,
My spirit to bear to its doom ;
A respite I begged—but the fearful array
Soon grabbed me, and gagged me, and dragged me away
To the ocean of wrath and unending dismay,
Where never redemption may come.

“ As onward they bore me, where’er I could look,
Serpents hissed in the fiery stream ;
And their pitch-forks the devils in mockery shook,
As the torturing instruments Beelzebub took ;—
I writhed, and I struggled, and then I——awoke,
And behold ! it was nought but a dream.”

NOTE.—Some persons who have read the foregoing vision, suppose that the ‘pile of green wood’ on which the Deacon saw the Genevan Reformer a-roasting, must have been presented to his imagination by the historical facts connected with the death of Michael Servetus.

It has also been suggested, that the Deacon could not have been fully moulded into the image of Calvinism, otherwise he would have felt no compassion for ‘the reprobate ;’ and perhaps his prayer for their release, sealed his own terrible though fanciful doom.

The Journey of A. C. T.

Strangers and Pilgrims on the earth, HEB. xi. 13.

At a late hour last evening I retired to rest, having first determined to rise somewhat earlier than usual on the morrow, and devote a part of the day to a review of the events of the past, in connexion with some cogitations on the probable events of the future. I had scarcely fallen asleep, ere I found myself travelling on a highway, and I had not journeyed far ere I perceived a stone by the way-side, on which was the inscription,

XXXIV M.

I seated myself on the grassy bank, feeling disposed to enjoy a respite from the fatigue of walking: and looking around, I discovered that I was not alone. A man of dignified, sober and intelligent mien was sitting beside me, and I congratulated myself on the prospect of having an interesting and agreeable companion. As travellers are usually unceremonious in the matter of becoming acquainted, I introduced the conversation by asking the question, "Friend, canst thou inform me how many miles I have yet to travel?" He looked me steadily and mildly in the eye, and said, "Whither art thou journeying?" I felt mortified that this inquiry had not previously occurred to my mind—but before I had time to make suitable acknowledgments, he added, "Whence comest thou?" This was as difficult a question as the former. I turned to the mile-stone for information, but could learn nothing farther therefrom than that I had travelled *thirty-four miles*. "I am sorry to confess," said I, "that I cannot answer thy question." "And I am equally sorry," replied the old man, "that I cannot answer thine."

A silence of several minutes ensued, during which I so far collected my confused ideas as to frame another inquiry. "Canst thou state the number of miles persons usually travel on the road?" "*Three score and ten* has been mentioned," said he;—"some, however, travel much farther; many, not so far; but the majority do not reach the tenth mile-stone of the journey. If thou wouldst know to what causes this inequality is attributable, I must inform thee that much depends on the constitution and habits of the traveller. It should also be mentioned, that many are destroyed by disease, and many perish by casualty. Moreover, much depends on the path in which the traveller walks—for thou wilt perceive that there are many sinuous paths which diverge from the smooth, plain highway. The way-faring man, though a fool, need not err from the true road—yet thousands depart from the straight way, and involve themselves in dark and gloomy labyrinths." I looked and saw that I was correctly informed. At every point of the highway from which a path diverged, there were pillars erected, on which were the following inscriptions:

"The way of transgressors is hard."

"They have made to themselves crooked paths: they that go therein shall not know peace."

Conjecturing that there were pillars of corresponding description on the sides of those sinuous paths, I cast my eye along one of them, and at no great distance discovered the following exhortation, inscribed on a column of pure marble:

"Stand in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest to your souls."

When I turned from the contemplation of these things, I saw that there had been an addition to our company. A female, arrayed in very plain apparel, presented herself to

view. I saluted her with becoming respect, and as she drew near I perceived that she held in one hand a roll of parchment, and in the other a volume of considerable size. "I was close behind thee," said she, "when thou propounded certain queries to thy travelling companion; and as he was not prepared to satisfy thee on several points, I have concluded to show thee these documents. This is a Map of the road thou hast travelled. Thou wilt perceive that the mile-stones are all marked down—and that between those several way-marks there are many figures. These are references to the Chapters and Sections in this Volume." Discovering that I was deeply engaged in examining the Map, my instructress paused. I traced the mile-stones back—back—back—VIII, VII, VI, V,—but beyond this all was dim, shadowy, dark! Not a trace of any way-mark could I see—not a single figure of reference. Indeed, the references were few in number so far back as way-mark VIII. "This," said I, "is surprising. I expected to set my eye on the spot where I commenced my journey—but, behold! shadows and darkness rest upon it! I know not whence I came, nor whither I am journeying!" "Be not despondent," said my instructress—"perhaps this Volume will furnish a clue to a portion of the desired information. Read it, and be wise."

In opening the volume, I discovered that many of the first leaves were entirely blank! And it was not until Chapter V. commenced, that I could find any record—and even here the minutes were very few and scattering, and the Manuscript nearly illegible. I could decipher a few passages in which mention was made of divers happy hours. I became wearied in striving to make out the particulars so far as the close of Chap. X. There was in general but a repetition of transient griefs and long-continued enjoyments—occasional showers and much sun-shine. The three following Chapters were full of incident, partly pertaining to my office as an usher in a company of young folks travelling on the high-

way. Subsequently there is a varied record of my devotion to the healing art—and it seems by Chap. XVII. that I engaged in the duties of a pedagogue on my own account, and persevered therein for the space of about two miles and a half.

One of the most interesting circumstances on record, occurred when I first came in sight of way-mark XVIII. I there became acquainted with a remarkably frank, generous and intelligent man, who was also engaged as a pedagogue. We frequently conversed on a variety of topics, and by these interviews I was always the gainer, and he never the loser. On one occasion, he introduced the subject of our journey, and informed me, that he had recently learned from an old book in his possession, that the King of the highway was the father of all the travellers, and that we were all journeying to his palace, in which he had provided a glorious feast for all his family. On being shown the testimony, I believed and rejoiced in the fulness of joy.

Chapters XX and XXI contained minutes of my labors in "the art preservative of all arts," together with many other matters, a particular reference to which would not prove interesting to the reader.

When nearly half-way between way-marks XXI and XXII, (as I learned by the corresponding Chapters in the Volume,) I lifted up my voice in the name of "Our Father, the King of the high-way," and declared his loving-kindness in the hearing of many people. As I continued to read, I discovered that page after page and chapter after chapter, was devoted to a continuous narrative of numerous conflicts with adversaries, and much sweet communion with friends—joys without number and many perplexities. I perused these relations with a great degree of interest, and had rapidly passed through about twelve and a half chapters since the record of my first communication in the name of "Our Father," when, on turning over a leaf, I was astonished to find an en-

tire blank, excepting at the top of the page these words and figures :

CHAPTER XXXV. SECTION I.

I turned to my instructress with an inquiring look—but she merely said, in extending her hand to receive the Volume and the Map, “My station is behind thee: I record only what is *past*.”

The reverie induced by these circumstances was presently disturbed by the old man, (whose interest in my behalf entitled him to the appellation of Mentor.) “Evangelist,” said he, “thou hast traced the Map of thy journey on the highway; and thou hast perused the record of events in the Volume of Memory. It is my province to counsel thee, and I choose to fulfil my duty in this respect by presenting a few suppositions for thy consideration. Hearken, and receive instruction.”

“Thou knowest what *has* been, and what thou *art*. Suppose thou wert compelled to start thy journey anew at way-mark V, and wert allowed thy choice, either to be again and at every period what thou *hast* been, without any variation of circumstance, (destitute of course of thy present memory and experience)—or to take thy chance for better or worse,—which wouldst thou prefer?”

I instinctively reverted to the records I had just perused—and my mind was filled with the remembrance of youthful follies—of opportunities for improvement neglected—of disregard of wholesome advice—and of divers errors and misfortunes and sorrows, in childhood, boyhood, manhood. But the records of circumstances on which I could reflect with unfeigned satisfaction and joy were so numerous, and so strong my conviction that matters might have been much worse, that without any hesitation I decided to prefer what *had* been, than to incur the hazard of what *might* be.

“Thence learn,” resumed the old man, “thence learn more

devoutly to thank the Lord for the measure of good thou hast enjoyed, notwithstanding thy follies ; and while thou rejoicest abundantly in the knowledge that thou hast escaped multifarious evils in the journey of life, let thy rejoicing be tempered by the admonition, always to be prepared to stand in the evil day. Be not high-minded, but fear." The affectionate manner and wise counsel of the old man engaged my undivided attention, and he proceeded to a second supposition.

" Evangelist, thou knowest what thou *hast* been—thou knowest what thou *art*—and thou hast seen the glory of 'Our Father, the king of the high-way.' Behold the multitudes before thee ! Canst thou select an individual traveller whose state, all things considered, thou wouldst prefer to thy own ? Ponder the question, and let thy reply be such as discretion and judgment may approve."

I beheld the multitude. Here was a man whose coffers were overflowing with wealth, and plenty and pleasure awaited his call. I remembered my poverty, and thought of the evils of dependence. I looked again, and beheld another crowned with the wreath of fame. I remembered my humble state, and felt that no man did me reverence.—I listened, and heard the tones of surpassing excellence, and the applause of the wondering crowd. I considered my homely speech, and felt that it could not be applauded by the multitude.—The scene changed. The gold became dim, and perished. The wreath faded and withered. The eloquent tongue was dumb.—The wealth of the heavenly kingdom was magnified in my sight. The olive of peace and the palm of victory bloomed in my view. The peace of God enlarged, and filled and satisfied my soul—and I replied, " I prefer my own condition, and I should decline an exchange with any traveller on the king's high-way."

" Thence learn," said the old man, " thence learn not only the unreasonable character of envy, but also the irration-

ality and ingratitude of repining at thy lot. Providence has assigned to each a station in the journey of human life—and blessed is he who fulfils the duties of his appointment, and is content with the measure of good he enjoys. Those travellers would be as unwilling to exchange with *thee*, as *thou* art to exchange with *them*." I was deeply impressed with this lesson of practical wisdom, and listened with increased interest to a third supposition.

"Suppose thou couldst be positively assured of having thirty-four, and only thirty-four miles yet to travel on the high-way—and wert offered thy choice either to go over the ground already travelled, experiencing precisely similar joys and sorrows, without any remembrance of what has already occurred, or to journey hence to way-mark LXVIII, subject to all contingences—which wouldst thou prefer?

As I pondered this question, she who had charge of the Map and Volume, silently pointed backward with uplifted eye. In a few moments I turned to look in a contrary direction, and saw immediately before me two female figures, one of whom approached with characteristic timidity, and handing me a perspective glass, admonished me to '*beware!*' I applied the instrument to my eye, and though the high-way beyond where I was seated, appeared somewhat dim, I thought I saw quick-sands in it, and thickets and briars—and occasionally I could see "a lion in the way," crouched in the shadow of a lowering cloud. Beyond this, all was fearfully dark. I returned the instrument with a trembling hand, and was about to pronounce a decided preference for the part of the road I had already travelled, when the other female figure advanced with a laughing eye and elastic step, and desired me to look through *her* glass—"for," said she with a winning smile, "the prospect may present a different appearance, if viewed through another instrument. My timid neighbor is proverbial for terrifying those who use her perspective glass." I did as I was desired, and O, what a dif-

ferent prospect presented itself to view ! Instead of quick-sands, and thickets, and briars, I saw beautiful lawns, and deep-green groves, and a wilderness of flowers ! Springs of crystal water were bursting from the banks on either side of the highway, in the shade of trees which were loaded with the most luscious fruit !

I was enchanted with the prospect, and was on the point of declaring my choice to be "hence onward," when the timid damsel admonished me to *beware of delusion*. Her joyous neighbor cautioned me against being *frightened by shadows*. My instructress, who had charge of the Map and Volume, assured me, that she had recorded many instances in which I had been deceived by appearances—but candidly acknowledged that the balance was in favor of the damsel with the laughing eye.

I duly weighed all these considerations, and finally decided, that even if the glass last used had displayed twice as many lawns, and groves, and flowers, and water-springs, and fruit-trees, as really existed, I should rather go forward to way-mark LXVIII, *subject to all contingencies*,—than to journey over the thirty-four miles already travelled, with the *certainty* of being again, in all respects and at every period, precisely what I *had* been.

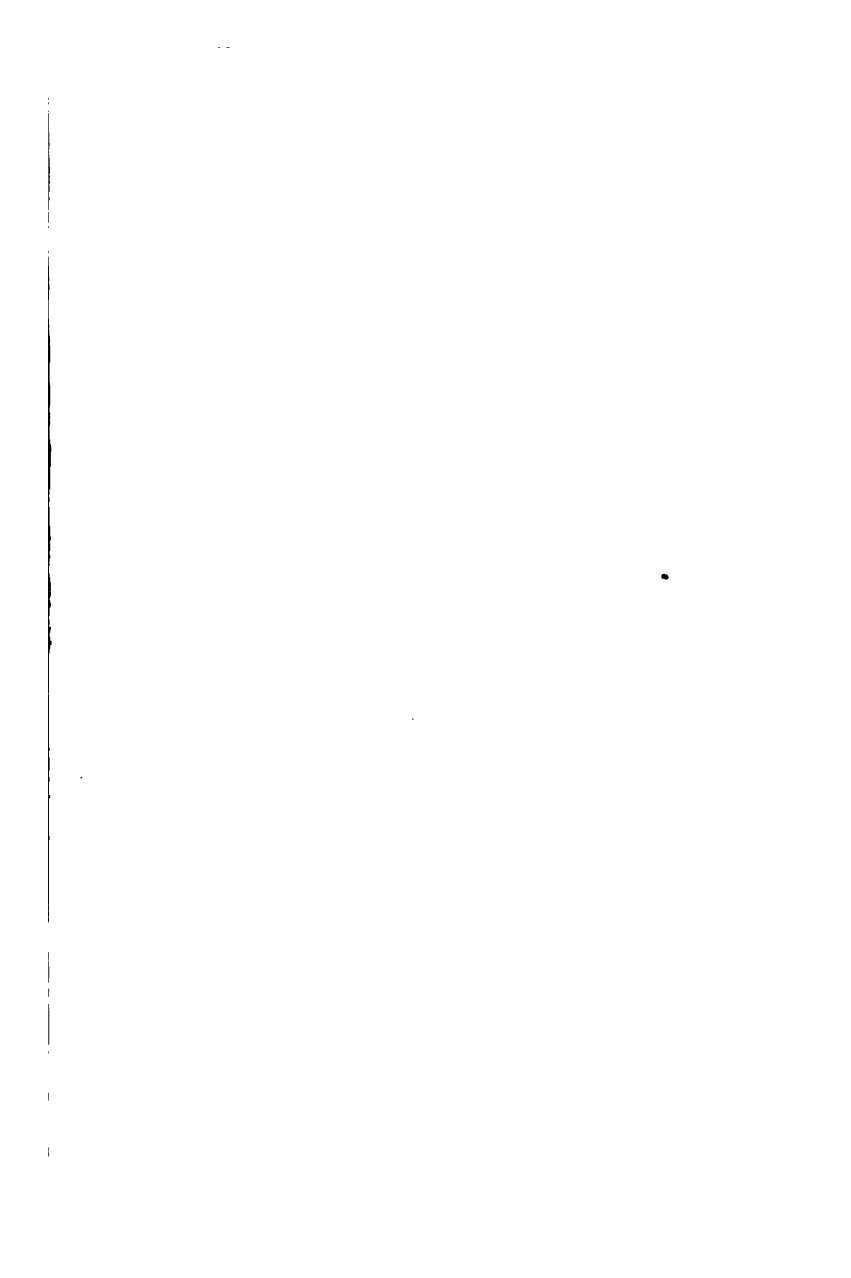
"Evangelist," resumed the old man, "thou hast wisely decided, and from that decision this lesson may be derived : In the good Providence of God, thou hast been blessed with a reasonable degree of health, and with an active temperament of both body and mind. Thou art confident that the loving-kindness of "Our Father" will never fail, and thou art rather desirous of beholding new displays of his benevolence, than of witnessing a repetition of mercies already experienced. Art thou sensible of thy deep debt of love and gratitude and fidelity to thy heavenly Lord ? If thou *art*, behold thy brethren ! The multitude before thee are ignor-

ant of the true character of the Infinite and Everlasting Love. Behold that group of mourners! They are bowed to the earth by fearful apprehensions of vindictive wrath. It is *thy duty*, it is *thy privilege*, to comfort them by the comfort wherewith thou thyself art comforted of God. Behold that head-long company of despisers, who wander and perish in the crooked paths! Be it thy pleasure to declare the pleasantness and peace of the ways of wisdom—so shalt thou win the wayward to the enjoyments of integrity of life. Go on thy way rejoicing. Be diligent—be faithful. So shall the name of Our Father go forth as the brightness of the morning, and blessedness dawn on thy spirit in the light of a morning without clouds. Evangelist, arise!”

I arose. The night-shadows had departed, and the sun had arisen on the evil and the good. Lord, so teach me to number my days that I may apply my heart unto wisdom.

JULY 11, 1841.

☞ On page 25, line 15, for “profess,” read “possess.”



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